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AFTER THE BATTLE.

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The wistful hound creeps, list'ning, to the door;
The favorite steed stands idle in the stall;
The wild-fowl, fearless, flutter on the moor;
The old retainers linger in the hall;
O, will he never, never rise again,
To look upon them all.

They brought him in with blood upon his face;
They told how they had found him in the field,
Where the dead foe lay thickest in the place,
With tattered colors grasped, and shivered
shield,
Lying face downward on the blood-soaked plain
Midst those who would not yield.

He does not know our faces as we stand
About his bed, watching each fitful breath;
In his delirium, as with sword in hand,
"Freedom," he cries, "in England or in death!"
Then with a hoarse shout, lifting his hot head,
"The day is ours," he saith.

So through long nights and days that bring no
change,
Or change but from wild hopes to wilder fears,
And still our faces are all dark and strange
To him; and the long nights of pain seem years
In their duration; and we watch him now
Through a thick mist of tears.

And still the hound creeps, wistful, to the door;
And still the steed stands idle in the stall;
The fearless wild-fowl flutter o'er the moor;
The broad notched sword hangs rusting on the
wall;
And he, O God, may never rise again,
To look upon them all.

THE CAMPAIGNS OF 1754-64.

NUMBER IV.

Little or no alteration appears to have occurred in the mode of encampment during the 22 days employed in the marching from the Little Meadows to the Monongahela River. On the 26th June, the detachment reached the Great Meadows, near the site of Fort Necessity. Thirty miles beyond this point, at a place known as Jacob's Creek which was reached on the 3rd July, the last Council of War was held in which it was judged best to proceed with the force then present and not to wait on the tardy movements of Dunbar's troops. The reasons alleged for this measure were amply sufficient to justify it: the rear guard had a large quantity of stores not needed in the reduction of Fort du Quesne but for garrison use,

all the reserve ammunition and baggage; in addition to bad roads it had to contend with insufficient means of transport, the baggage animals not being numerous, and through bad feeding, were becoming rapidly useless. In fact to advance rapidly would have taxed the ability of a far more enterprising and efficient officer than Colonel Thomas Dunbar proved to be. The rear guard could not add any strength to the force when actually engaged, and the delay encountered in waiting for them would be far more mischievous to the objects of the expedition than any nominal strength they could give it; especially as they had only arrived at Great Crossings in eleven days' march from Jacob's Creek. Under the circumstances the resolution arrived at was the proper one; the army moved forward on the 4th July to Thicketty Run, a branch of the Sewickly Creek, and was detained there till the 6th awaiting a supply of provisions from Dunbar's camp and the return of scouts sent out to reconnoitre in direction of Fort du Quesne. It was at this halt in the rear of the party escorting the provisions that Washington debilitated by illness rejoined the detachment, but it was not till the 8th that he was enabled to join the General. The army was on the Eastern shore of the Monongahela, within the obtuse angle formed by that stream and the Alleghany River, on the apex of which stood Fort du Quesne, and it must have been General Braddock's intention to have marched along the same shore to the Fort. But between a small stream, called Crooked Run, and another known as Turtle Creek, the Monongahela for about two miles ran close to the foot of a steep and rugged hill, leaving only a narrow belt of alluvial soil between it and the water which would require great labour and some time to make passible for the troops, without taking into account the danger of such a difficult process. Abandoning all thought of such a dangerous route, and forsaking the Indian trail he had followed so long, he essayed to work his way across the head of Turtle Creek, some 12 miles from its junction with the Monongahela. On reaching the eastern branch of this Creek he found the road terminating in a precipice, and although the ridge leading

to the Fort was discovered yet the route was abandoned as being too rugged, and it was decided to cross the Monongahela at Crooked Run, march along the chord formed by the easterly inclination of the river at the Narrows and recross it just below the confluence of Turtle Creek. The last encampment of the devoted army was on the eastern bank of the Monongahela about ten miles from the river, and there on the 8th of July were gathered that splendid band which a few hours were to see defeated, disorganised and a helpless mob in full flight.

Before 3 o'clock on the morning of the 9th, Lieut. Colonel Gage in command of a detachment of picked men was sent forward to secure both fords followed by working parties to make the roads. At 6 a. m. the General moved forward having posted 400 men on the heights commanding the first ford, which he crossed with all the waggons and baggage, marching on in order of battle, when intelligence reached him that Gage had occupied the shore at the second ford awaiting orders, and that the route was clear. By 11 o'clock the troops reached the second ford, but it was not till one o'clock that the banks were passible for artillery and waggons, when the whole army by a little before two o'clock were safely passed over.

In after years Washington was accustomed to observe that he had never seen so beautiful a sight as was exhibited at the passage of the Monongahela; the troops were in full uniform, the burnished arms shone like silver, the colors waving over their heads while amid bursts of martial music, the files with military precision glittering in scarlet and gold advanced to the position; about 300 yards below the confluence of Turtle Creek which here forms with the Monongahela an obtuse angle of about 125° within which the action was fought; it is about 8 miles in a straight line from Pittsburgh. The Monongahela River is a valley generally three to four hundred feet below the general level of the surrounding country; its banks are however rarely abrupt and at the ford at Turtle Creek a fertile bottom of rich mould stretched for one fourth of a mile at height of about twenty feet above low water mark; which at the time of the action, was